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**KUNKEL & COOPER,**  
Physicians and Surgeons,  
Having formed a partnership, offer their professional services to the people of Big Stone Gap and vicinity.

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All kinds of stone work given special attention.  
Estimates on building and grading given.

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**THE CITY JOB OFFICE,**  
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**HOTELS.**

**THE**

**"INTERMONT"**  
BIG STONE GAP, VA.

**J. W. PARRISH, Mgr.,**  
Only First-class Hotel in Big Stone Gap. Electric Bells, Electric Light, Steam Heat.

**CENTRAL HOTEL,**  
J. H. DUFF, Proprietor,  
Has the best cook and keeps the best table at Big Stone Gap.

**Rooms Lighted with Electricity.**  
Clean and well Arranged.

**W. C. ROBINSON & CO.**  
Leading Jewelers  
BIG STONE GAP, VA.  
Good goods, low prices, fair dealing and first-class workmanship guaranteed.

**TYPE**  
FOUNDRY.  
The outfit of this paper furnished by  
Robert Rowell, Printers' Warehouse,  
Third and Market Sts. LOUISVILLE, KY.

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**The Fire Company.**

The Powell's River Fire Brigade received their new apparatus this week, and are now ready for a fight with the devouring element. The hook and ladder truck is a beauty, manufactured by Gleason and Bailey, of Seneca Falls, N. Y. It is a very complete equipment, containing, among other things, six fine ladders, nested on rollers, varying from 20 to 12 feet in length, and so arranged that they can be spliced to reach the top of the highest buildings, and a complete outfit of hooks, poles, pike poles, axes, crowbars, lanterns, gong, pull-down hook, rope, chains and pole, rope reel and drag rope. The truck is mounted on patent wheels, 44 inches in diameter, finely painted and ornamented. Its length is 28 feet, height 7 feet 4 inches, and weight 1200 pounds. There are over 100 rubber buckets.

The brigade is made up of fine material, selected from our most spirited young men, and only need a first-class fire to show how efficient they can be. The brigade numbers 30 members, with the following officers: Chief, R. T. Irvine, assistant chief, H. C. McDowell, Jr., Captain, C. A. T. L. Shelton; Co. B. C. E. Spaulding; Co. C. C. E. Bibbe; Co. D. H. E. Fox.

**A \$5,000 Tree.**

On the side of the Big Black Mountain 300 hundred yards from the Wise county line, in Harlan county, Kentucky, and about ten miles from Big Stone Gap, there stood, until last week, a tree that is thought to be the most valuable tree in the South Appalachian mountains, and is perhaps without a peer on this continent. It is a curled-grain black walnut, and the owner had it grubbed up by the roots, so as not to lose even a chip. It is between five and six feet in diameter at the base, and five cuts, eleven feet each, have been sawed, the diameter of the fifth cut being four feet. Some additional smaller cuts were gotten out of the top. The grain runs in graceful, wavy curls, and is one of the most valuable woods known, being used in veneering. Capt. Pleasant, of New York, who for years has dealt exclusively in this class of timber, purchased it for \$40 from a mountaineer, and thinks it the finest tree he ever saw. He paid George H. Satterfield \$300 to move it. The trunk six miles, to the end of the S. A. & R. R., on Loomer creek, whence it was shipped direct to the factory in New York. Capt. Pleasant thinks the tree will realize for him at least \$5,000.

**The Hawkins Assignment.**

Monday, August 18th, N. O. Hawkins, trading under the firm name of N. O. Hawkins & Co., made an assignment, to John M. Hardin, for the benefit of his creditors. Hawkins had been dealing in dry goods, boots and shoes, and groceries; and a few weeks before his assignment he bought a stock of groceries from A. R. Spencer & Co., who were represented by E. T. Shortt. His liabilities amount to about \$6,400, the principal debts being as follows:

**Shields Brothers, Knoxville, \$1,850**  
**Daniel Boone & Co., Knoxville, 250**  
**Armstrong Packing Co., Knoxville, 150**  
**Southall & Co., Lynchburg, 100**  
**William & White, Lynchburg, 100**  
**Brady Milling Co., Bristol, 75**  
**A. R. Spencer & Co. (E. T. Shortt), 2,102**

According to an invoice taken of the goods they are valued at \$5,000, and there are accounts due the company of Hawkins & Co. amounting to about \$900.

The stock of groceries obtained of A. R. Spencer & Co., through E. T. Shortt, were purchased on credit, and were paid, the assignment being made two days after the first note fell due. The loss of over \$2,100, it is understood, will fall upon Messrs. Shortt & Keen, less the *pro rata* they will receive from the proceeds of the sale.

**The Pulaski Convention.**

The democratic Congressional Convention assembled at Pulaski, August 13th. It was called to order by S. W. Williams, chairman of the District Executive Committee, and Judge C. T. Duncan was made temporary chairman. Jos. W. Moss was elected permanent chairman, and W. S. Hamilton secretary. The committee on resolutions reported a platform endorsing the last national platform, and Mr. Martin Williams nominated Hon. Jno. A. Buchanan for Congress in a short and appropriate speech.

Mr. Buchanan accepted the nomination, and in a speech of two and a half hours discussed the tariff, the force bill and Reed's rulings.

**Death of E. P. McCarty.**

Mr. E. P. McCarty, the liveryman, died Sunday after a brief illness. His physicians performed an operation on him for interference of the bowels, but they say the operation, though successful, was performed too late to save the patient.

**A Tennessee Romance.**

(From the Memphis Avalanche.)

Wilmoth, Tennessee, looked unusual procedure to secure a husband. The object of her affections was one Henry Williams, who languished in the workhouse because he was unable to procure the \$25 necessary to liquidate the amount of his fine. Henry was cold to the love that Wilmoth lavished upon him, for he was smitten by another's charms. Wilmoth had one advantage over her rival that enabled her to carry her point. She possessed money, while the object of Henry's attentions was devoid of monetary attractions.

Yesterday Wilmoth visited the workhouse and offered to furnish the amount of her lover's fine on the consideration that he would relinquish his rival and lead her to the altar.

To this Henry consented, and affixed his signature to the following contract, which Wilmoth drew up:

MEMPHIS, TENN., July 21, 1890.

I agree this day to marry Miss Wilmoth Williams, if she gets me out of the workhouse or station house, which will amount to some under \$25; and I will at once marry her, and will agree to do as I should by her as a husband.

HENRY WILLIAMS.

Thus gold proved more potent than Cupid's arrow.

**Told by Two Veterans of Chickamauga.**

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Of all the reminiscences of Chickamauga's iron hailstorm, Jim Brotherton's experience was the hardest strain on credulity. Jim was fighting "the best he knewed how." He was in the thickest of the assault on Snodgrass Hill. As he charged across the road and over the field toward the Dwyer farm Jim caught a glimpse of the house he was born in. But valor did not make Jim forget discretion. He took advantage of all the pine trees he could find going into and coming out of the fight. On his back was strapped his knapsack, and over the knapsack was rolled a blanket. The two made a hump which projected beyond the trees behind which Jim took temporary shelter. When Jim unloaded his knapsack and blanket the night after the battle he found that thirty-seven bullets had penetrated it.

"Yes, sir," said Jim, looking the listener straight in the eyes; "thirty-seven bullets had gone into my blanket and knapsack—thirty-seven bullets and two buckshot. If I had that blanket and knapsack now I wouldn't take \$1,000 for it. After the battle I gave them to mother and told her to keep them for me until I came back from the war. But you know how it is when folks is moving around. Things get lost. I don't know what became of the blanket or knapsack."

There was only one veteran who told a story which approached that of Jim Brotherton in picturesqueness. He was Private Sinnatt, who came all the way from Virginia to attend the reunion. Private Sinnatt was particularly anxious to meet and renew acquaintance with some of the twelfth Georgia. A big man of the twelfth Georgia saved his life, Private Sinnatt said. He explained how. When he got into what seemed to him the hottest place he had ever found, Private Sinnatt lay down behind a tree, which wasn't more than eight inches through, and made himself as small as possible. While he lay there, wondering how long it would be before he would be hit, a strapping fellow by the name of Twelfth Georgia grabbed him by the leg, lifted him from behind the tree, and lay down where he had been. Sinnatt says the Georgian was about twice as big as he was. He couldn't lick him; so he made the best of a bad situation, crawled up close behind the Georgian, and kept quiet. It wasn't but a few minutes until a bullet struck the Georgian and killed him. Sinnatt lay still behind the body, which stopped fifteen bullets before he was of battle passed on. That is why Private Sinnatt says he will always cherish a kindly feeling for the twelfth Georgia.

**Try the Post's new job office. It turns out every variety of job work on short notice.**

**A COUNTRY CIRCUS.**

Amy Randolph in New York Ledger.

"Cut, cut, ca-daw cut! Cut, cut!"

Thus caroling her way the speckled hen flapped wildly around among Miss Terribith Rockwell's dahlias and carnations, with that fair maiden following close in pursuit, her checked sunbonnet waved above her head like an ensign of war. Leander stood and watched the pursuit with the cool, impartial smile of a disinterested spectator until the speckled fugitive leapt thoughtfully to dart headlong into the sunny area of the stone wall, where the scarlet spheres of ripening tomatoes basked on a rude wooden frame. At the supreme second he swooped noiselessly down from his unseen vantage point and seized Old Speckle by her fluttering wings.

"Here's your fowl, Terribith," said he. "I'll declare!" said Miss Terribith, according a reluctant admiration to the deftness of the capture. "And I've been chasing the creature this ten minutes! I'm going to have a fricassee for dinner."

"Company comin'?"

"I mean to ask Elder Atkinson and his wife."

"Don't ask 'em," said Leander. "Put it off till some other time, Terribith."

"For goodness' sake! why?"

Leander drew three squares of yellow paper out of his pocket.

"Look," said he; "I've got tickets for the circus to-night—for you and me and Ally Ames."

Miss Terribith's care-worn visage brightened up. To these simple country folk the annual visitation of the circus signified opera, theater, polo and athletic games all in one.

"Good!" cried she, releasing the struggling hen. "Then I'll let Old Speckle go this time. But, Leander, have you asked Alice?"

"I'm going there now."

"Are you sure she'll go?"

"Of course; why shouldn't she?"

Terribith hesitated as she tied the sunbonnet strings under her chin.

"Perhaps that young English tourist that boards at the hotel—Capt. Cassell they call him, don't they?"

Leander's handsome, sunburned visage darkened.

"What of him?" said he, sharply.

"He may have asked her. Don't be long, for he's waiting for her in the stable."

"Folks do say she's dreadful took up with him, and I don't know I wonder so much after I heard him talk 'tother night to Mary Bailey's Chinese party. He's traveled most everywhere; and if you could hear him describe the tigers he killed in Ceylon and the elephants he's hunted on the Niger river!"

"Oh, hang the tigers and the elephants!" impatiently broke in Leander. "I don't believe a word of it. I dare say he's a very well-bred, but for my part, I haven't much opinion of a fellow that loafs around a piazza in white making time, doing nothing, with a white scarf on his hat, and a sash, for all the world like a girl's, tied around his waist!"

"It's the fashion," said Terribith.

"A queer fashion, I think," commented Leander.

"He's a very brave man—a regular hero," went on Terribith. "He served in her majesty's White Heeled Horse once during a London riot, and—"

"And did wonders, I don't doubt," interrupted Leander. "But I don't see what all this has to do with us and Calumet's circus?"

He took up his hat from the grass where it had been reposing among buttercups and white clover blossoms all this time, and started off at a brisk walk. Terribith looked dolefully after him.

"Poor Leander," said she, half aloud, "I'm afraid he's going to be badly disappointed."

Alice Ames was sitting on the porch under the green, shelling shadows of the hop vines, shelling Lima beans to dry. Leander Rockwell's fine tall figure came swinging up the path. He was very handsome, thought the girl, but he lacked the ease and polish of the dapper little captain of "her majesty's White Heeled Horse." His clothes bore evidence of country cut—his boots were powdered with dust, and his face was bronzed with August heats.

"How do you do, Ally?" said he, and Alice, remembering the deferential manner with which the captain always addressed her as "Miss Ames," answered, with a toss of her head:

"I'm pretty well, thank you!"

"I've been gettin' some tickets for the circus to-night, Ally," said he, plunging once more into his subject. "Will you go with me?"

"Thank you, ever so much, said she, stooping for a fresh handful of the velvet, green pods, "but I've promised Capt. Cassell to go with him!"

"Humph!" observed Leander. "So I'm too late?"

"Yes, a little too late."

"Is it to be always so, Ally?"

"I don't know what you mean, Leander."

"You used to care for me a little before this boasting captain of horse came here."

"I like you well enough now, Leander."

"Well enough to marry me?"

"I don't think you're justified in asking me any such questions," said Alice, jumping up and retreating hurriedly into the house.

"Understand," remarked Leander, grimly. "I don't stand any chance alongside of the tiger-hunting hero. It's pity we haven't a few wild beasts in these woods to kill. The captain must miss his occupation. Well, good afternoon, Ally, Terribith and I will have to go to the circus by ourselves, I suppose."

The mammoth tent on Durkull common was crowded that night. Calumet's circus was a local celebrity and had been widely advertised. The rural population had found many opportunities of enjoyment and did not propose to let this one go by default. Every one was there, from Elder Atkinson and his wife down to little Michael Ryan, the cobbler and the pinched looking better half, Capt. Cassell and pretty Alice Ames; occupied a conspicuous front seat, and a few rows further back sat Leander Rockwell with Miss Terribith and her friend, Hannah Binns, beside her, a plain little seamstress body, who had been asked at the eleventh hour—"sooner than waste the ticket," thrifty Miss Terribith had said. One by one the "unparalleled attractions" had been paraded—the time worn clown, the spangled columbine, trained elephants, the bicycle riders and the swarthy snake charmer, with the girth the gold crescents dangling from his ears and the great glittering stage diamond in the front of his turban.

"Oh isn't it wonderful!" cried Alice Ames.

"Pretty fair, pretty fair," answered Capt. Cassell, tapping the ivory knob of his cane against his teeth. "But those rattlesnakes don't have a chance before my colera capello I once killed in our tent at Dangapore when—"

And the rounds of applause drowned the end of his sentence.

"Ah! a tiger taming act!" said the captain, consulting his programme. "The marvelous Signor Mahmell and his pupil, Rajah!" Call that a Bengal tiger, do they? I wish you could have seen the fellow I shot, that last summer in the jungles at Hooah. My sister has his skin on her drawing room floor now, made into a rug. It had killed four men, and a sacred cow, and the natives called him "The Scourge of the Shore." Oh, yes, I don't doubt that the fellow handles him very neatly, but—"

At that second, just when the "Beast of the Tropics" was drowsily going through with his list of accomplishments, the lash of his keeper struck a trifle sharper than usual, or some other unseen cause ignited the powder magazine of the animal's

**Uncle Billy Green's Stories of Lincoln.**

(From the Chicago News.)

TALLAHASSEE, Ill., Aug. 18.—"Uncle Billy" Green is one of the most interesting of the historical characters of Illinois. He was born in Tennessee in 1812, in what was then Overton county. He came to Illinois in 1830 with his parents, who settled near old Salem, in this (Menard) county. He met Abraham Lincoln soon after that awkward young man landed from the flatboat which floated down the Sangamon to Salem on the high water following the "deep snow" of 1831. He was intimately associated with Lincoln ever afterward. He says of him: "I thought the first time I ever met Abe Lincoln that he was a great man living, and I am thankful I lived long enough to know I was right."

He was Lincoln's partner in the grocery at Salem, and at night, when customers were few, he held the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons. To his sympathy there, ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutledge. He saw the happy pair strolling through the woods about old Salem, or boating on the river, or lingering long over the bucket of water which Lincoln drew from the well at Ann. He offered what he could to help her in her grief when Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.

After Ann died, says Uncle Billy, "on some nights, when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would set thar in the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and 'tears runnin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel so bad, and I'd say, Abe, don't cry; and he'd look up and say: 'I can't help it, Bill; the rain's a-fallin' on her.'"

Green saw his friend rise in greatness and favor with the people until he was elected president of the nation. At Lincoln's first inaugural banquet Green sat at the table on the president's left, with the dignified Secretary Seward on his right. Lincoln presented the two men to each other, saying, "Secretary Seward, this is Mr. Green, of Illinois." Seward bowed stiffly, when Lincoln exclaimed: "Oh, get up, Seward, and shake hands with Green. He's the man 'tall taught me my grammar.'"

**A LADY AND A BURGLAR.**

A Black Villain Found Hiding Under a Bed—A Woman's Great Nerve Saved Her Life and that of Her Child. Capture of a Desperate Robber.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

It was just after the war, and things were in rather a chaotic state. We—my husband, my little one and I—were living in Richmond then. On the night of which I write I could see that John was worried about something. He seemed preoccupied all during supper, and after the things were cleared away he took his seat at the table with a pile of medical books reaching above his head on his right, and an immense volume spread open before him.

He evidently had a puzzling case on hand, and was not in a humor to be talked to; I took out my crocheting, and worked for a short time on Little Anna's saque. Then I yawned, crocheted a round or two, yawned again, and finally, in despair, folded up my work and went up stairs to my room. Little Anna had preceded me there, and lay, tucked away in the corner of my bed, in the rosiest slumber imaginable.

"I won't put her in her crib just yet," I thought, "she is sleeping so sweetly." I had got, in the process of disrobing, to the point of dressing wrapper and slippers, and was shaking out my hair, preparatory to its arrangement for the night, when the brush slipped from my hand and fell, with a sharp ring, upon the floor. As I stooped to pick it up a sight met my eyes the very next moment which makes me grow hot and cold by turns. A negro was upon my bed. He was drawn up as close as possible to the wall, and lay there watching me. I am only an average woman, not particularly courageous, or particularly anything that I know of. How I ever kept from shrieking or fainting will ever remain a mystery to me. Supernatural strength must have come to my aid. I felt in a moment the importance of concealing from this man the fact that I was aware of his presence. I arose from my stooping posture and began brushing my hair with the utmost coolness and deliberation, but a very white face looked back at me from the mirror before which I stood. I believe, if anything, I brushed my hair longer than usual that night; then, dividing it in two parts with great exactness, began plaiting it, turning over in my mind all the while what course of action I should adopt. Suddenly I remembered that I had forgotten to bring up the basket of silver, which we always kept in our room at night.

"There," I exclaimed aloud, "I left the silver down stairs. I must ask John to bring it up with him."

"John! Oh, John!" I said, going out in the passage and calling down the steps, "bring the spoons and forks up with you when you come."

There was no answer. The dining room door was shut, and John was deep in his book.

"How provoking!" I exclaimed. "I will have to go down for them myself."

Every detail of that night's adventure seems engraved, as with a pen, upon my mind. The very sound of my slippers—loose at the heel—as I went down the bare steps is distinct in my memory.

"John," I said, as, closing the dining room door behind me, I crossed the room and placed my hand on my husband's shoulder, "don't exclaim at what I'm going to tell you. There is a man under the bed in our room. He doesn't know that I have seen him. Slip quietly out at the back door and call for help before he makes his escape." I don't think ten minutes could have elapsed before my husband returned, accompanied by two policemen, armed to the very teeth; but it seemed like hours to me as I stood there, thinking of our little one, sleeping so unconsciously on our bed, and of the villain lying beneath it. He was a big, burly fellow, it was discovered, when at last he was dragged from his hiding place and induced to assume the perpendicular. On his person, in addition to my diamond ring, gold watch and set of pearls, was found a bottle of chloroform, a big knife and a loaded revolver. The next day a very tremulous heroine was reading in the morning paper an account of a brave woman's adventure with a burglar. The tremulous heroine was myself. The brave woman—the account said she was myself, too.

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**LIVERY.**

**GOODLOE BROS.**  
BIG STONE GAP, VA.  
**LIVERYMEN,**  
BEST RIGS, DOUBLE OR SINGLE, IN THE CITY.  
Saddle Horses to hire or sell. Special attention given to feeding horses. East Fifth, between Clinton and Wyandotte streets, opposite GOODLOE Bros.' store.

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**THE MORRIS-DILLARD HARDWARE CO.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**HARDWARE**  
Stoves, Vehicles, Machinery, Farmers' and Miners' and Builders' Supplies.  
—WRITE FOR PRICES.—

**Ayers Block, Wood Avenue, BIG STONE GAP, VA.**

**BUILDING MATERIALS.**

**C. E. & C. H. SPALDING,**  
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF  
**BUILDING MATERIALS,**  
Contracts taken for building from foundation, and all materials furnished.  
We guarantee good work, good materials, and a perfect finish in all respects. Plans and specifications furnished when desired.

**CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.**

**W. F. BAKER.** **C. A. TRACY.**

**BAKER & TRACY,**  
Contractors and Builders.  
Shop on Wood Avenue, Near Albemarle Street, Big Stone Gap, Virginia.  
Estimates furnished on all kinds of work, from the smallest job to the largest building. Special attention given to store fitting and office work.  
**A. M. BAKER, — — — Painter.**

**LAUNDRY.**

**POINSETT'S TROY LAUNDRY.**  
We are now prepared to turn out work as good as the best. Shirts, Collars and Cuffs very stiff, with a high gloss finish. We have the latest improved Collar and Cuff boxes, so as to put them up without bending or breaking. All we ask is a trial.  
**H. POINSETT, Prop.** **Big Stone Gap, Va.**

**ABSTRACT CO.**

**BULLITT & McDOWELL ABSTRACT CO.**  
We have in our office complete abstracts of title of all lots sold by the  
**BIG STONE GAP IMPROVEMENT CO.**  
And of the bulk of the lots and acre property owned by others in the town and vicinity of BIG STONE GAP.  
For three years we have been collecting and perfecting these abstracts, and now offer them to the public with the assurance of accuracy.  
**You Can Not Afford to Buy without an Abstract Title.**

**REAL ESTATE.**

**HARRIS & HARDIN,**  
Gilley Building, BIG STONE GAP, VA.  
**Real Estate Agents and Brokers,**  
Buy and sell business and residence lots in all parts of the city. Desirable property on Wood, Clinton, and Wyandotte Avenues. Five hundred to fifteen hundred acre tracts of coal and timber lands for sale in Wise and Dickinson counties, adjacent to the lines of Railroads. Don't fail to see or write to us.  
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